PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 347, CARMEL

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

NOV. 10
1926

TEN CENTS

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

ONE DAY this last week two exciting things happened: a young lady of our acquaintance fainted in front of the post office and was carried into the garden of Kay's, and a half hour afterward, the fire siren sounded. Whether historians would have considered this as a premonition of future changes in the life and times of Carmel, is something quite beyond my limited mental powers. But shortly afterwards, a matter of days, the outward change was noticable; once more for the first time in months were automobiles double-parked with gay abandon in front of the post office. The bastille had fallen. Carmel suddenly turned lawbreaker in a sort of juvenile abandon, a "no school today, teacher's sick" attitude. And instead of "Let's go fishing," was substituted, "Let's go double parking!" Never was such a simple misdemeanor of our city's traffic laws taken up so whole heartedly by the blue blood of Carmel's motor citizenry. We did it ourselves, and we, as brash newcomers, don't include ourselves in the B. A. (before Aimee) era, or no pavement on Ocean Avenue period. For a day, Carmel was as lawless as it knew how to be. And then, the law, mounted on a horse, as the law has been in the days of old Carmel, decided that things had gone far enough. And the double-parking was frowned on, nay, shoved along in good old Nordic accents. The interesting thing was no one resented it. The fall of the bastille had been duly, yea, glorously celebrated, and it was only natural that the everlasting peace of the pines and the sea should settle again like summer's fog on the grey ribbon of road winding between Kay's and the postmaster's citadel. The thought of bull fights in the streets and tea table on the sidewalks fades into dim insignificance before this singular and praiseworthy manifestation of Carmel's own originality.

—C. P.

"THE CAMPUS FLIRT" OFFERING OF MANZANITA TOMORROW

"The Campus Flirt", with Bebe Daniels in the stellar role, is the offering of the of the Manzanita Theater for tomorrow and Friday nights. On Saturday night the Manzanita will show "Hell Bent for Heaven", with Patsy Ruth Miller; Sunday night, "Sunny Side Up" and Monday and Tuesday of next week, "So's Your Old Man", W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce.

Three Want To Be The Traffic Officer

Three applications for appointment to the position of traffic officer were received by the board of trustees at a special meeting held last Thursday evening. They will be considered at the next regular meeting of the board, Monday evening, November 15.

Those who want the position, vacated by W. M. McCune, after his second arrest for assault and battery on the charge of his wife, are Earl Wermuth of Carmel Albert Elasho, Monterey general delivery, and J. J. Murray, 602 Prescott street, Monterey.

McCune was receiving a salary of $200 a month. He was appointed at the beginning of the summer and it was understood that the position would be terminated at the close of the summer months.

In October he was arrested on a charge of battery by his wife and released on the posting of a $500 bond to keep the peace. He was permitted by the board of trustees to continue his police duty. Again last week his wife ran to the city hall and appealed to City Marshal Gus Englund for protection. The marshal took the woman back to her house for her cloak and hat and he declares that McCune was there and cursed his wife with the remark: "If you had kept your mouth shut I would have had his job," indicating the marshal.

He was arrested as he was driving his motorcycle to Monterey and was taken to the justice of the peace at Pacific Grove, who released him on $40 bail and later, on McCune's appearance before him and a change of plea, fined the man $15 and McCune left the Peninsula. Before starting for Monterey he had previously left his resignation with the city clerk at Carmel and this was accepted by three members of the board at the special meeting the same evening. Trustees Jordan and Dennis were absent.

MANZANITA PUTS NEW FRONT ON FOR SURPRISED POPULACE

The Manzanita Theater shows a new front to the surprised visitor to Carmel. For many years the popular motion picture theater has physically resembled a good-sized barn, but now it has a facade toward the street that looks for all the world like an old Mission structure, with a terra cotta tile roof and attractive balconies with iron railings. The improvement is gratifying.

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)
9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.
10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)
3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.
6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Ariiving at Monterey

7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.
11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.
6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.
8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.
9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m. 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.
Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.
For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.

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The ladies shout
Jumped on chairs
My name is Snik
I moved down stairs
They made me sick

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GOLDEN BOUGH SUBSCRIBERS TO SELECT PLAYS

WITH the subscription list for the "first nights" of the Golden Bough spring season already two-thirds filled and the successful outcome of the plan assured, Edward Kuster, owner and director of the theatre, says:

"The Golden Bough subscribers are taking the spring season on faith, and needless to say I am gratified at this manifestation of confidence. The subscription lists becomes automatically the Theatre's special Public. The question 'what the public wants' is therefore comparatively easy to answer—I say **comparatively**. Every facility will be provided the subscribers to organize into some sort of local theatre guild for the purpose of making their own selection of the subscription plays at the Golden Bough.

"The first two plays on the published list, 'They Knew What They Wanted' and '2 times 2 equals 5', are comedies of a high order, already cast for the most part and in rehearsal. The March production, O'Neill's 'Hairy Ape', has been very generally requested ever since the opening of the Theatre. Jimmmy Doud, whose powerful portrayal of the chief Robot in 'R. U. R.' suddenly brought him to the front, will play the role of the stoker Yank, the 'Hairy Ape'.

"In respect to the remaining three plays, and the plays for succeeding subscription seasons, it is my desire to be guided in their selection by the wishes of the theatre's clientele. A meeting of subscribers will be called after December 1 to form an organization for choosing the last three productions of the season."

MASONS' MINSTREL SHOW TO BE BIG EVENT IS PROMISED

The Carmel Masonic Club's Minstrel Show is taking shape rapidly under the able direction of Franl Sheridan who has many novel and entertaining ideas for the production. The first section of the program will be devoted to the regular old minstrel show and the second part will be made up of original vaudeville skits and stunts of many kinds. There will be a street parade which will include Monterey and Pacific Grove as well as Carmel. The Monterey Presidio band will play for the entertainers and another band composed of home talent, will give special numbers. Among the principal entertainers are Byington Ford, Charles van Riper, Ernest Schweninger, Bob Smith, William Titmas and D. L. Stanford. The entertainment will be given at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on December 2, 3 and 4.

FOREST THEATER DIRECTORS INVITE OPINIONS ON PLAYS

Since the Forest Theater is a community organization, it is the duty of the directors to ascertain the temper and taste of the community as regards the choice of Forest theater plays.

The directors desire and earnestly ask for an honest expression of the public taste in this matter.

What particular play, or, more abstractly, what type of play, would you, as an individual, like to see on the Forest Theater stage next summer?

Please send your answer to the secretary, Eugene Watson, or leave it for him at The Seven Arts.

The statement and request made above represent unanimous action taken by the directors at the meeting on October 29.

SUSAN PORTER, President; E. A. H. WATSON, Secretary.

CALPHAS GIVE DANCE

The Calpha Fraternity of the University of California gave a dance Saturday night at La Playa hotel. Many Carmelites were present and some of Carmel's semi-professionals provided entertainment. Ruth Kuster and Francis Glessell gave their "Topsy and Eva" stunt and Ruth Austin did her Spanish dance.

CALPHAS MEET ABALONES

The Calpha Fraternity played a mixed team of the Abalone League a game of baseball last Sunday afternoon. Among the Abalones in uniform were Jimmy Wilson, Frenchy Murphy, Charlie van Riper, Ernie Schweninger, By Ford, Harrison Godwin, Fred Godwin, Hugh Garner and Barry Parker. The score, on the most available reports, was "approximately 12 to 3" in favor of the Abalones.

JOHAN HAGEMEYER LEAVING

Johan Hagemeyer, whose portrait photography has made him famous in the West, announces that he is moving his studio to the broader field of San Francisco and will be established in the Liebes building on Post street, near Grant avenue, in that city.

"MERRY WIDOW" AT GOLDEN BOUGH THIS WEEK-END

"The Merry Widow", one of the greatest successes of Eric von Stroheim and a picture that has made an unprecedented record throughout the country, will be shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough Thursday and Friday evenings of this week.

Mae Murray and John Gilbert play the leads and Miss Murray has never been seen to better advantage than in this picture. It is beautiful photography throughout and all in all a picture that for American production compares very favorably with "Variety", the German film, although not so great a picture.

On Saturday and Sunday nights the Golden Bough will show "The Son of the Sheik", the last picture made by Rudolph Valentino and, says Ted Kuster, "By all the gods, it's the last picture of Valentino's I will show."

TO OPEN KINDERGARTEN

Mrs. E. J. Fitzgerald of Greenwich Community will open a kindergarten this December in Carmel for children four and five years old. Special musical training will be given during the educational morning sessions. Mrs. Fitzgerald was an assistant of Dr. Montessori in Rome and a graduate of the course given by the well known Marietta Johnson. She has had eleven years of experience as a teacher in public and private schools. She was instructor of the Froebel League of New York City and for five years of the kindergarten of the Greenwich Academy. If you are interested in the plans for the Carmel kindergarten communicate with Mrs. T. H. Leslie, telephone 152 M.

CARMEL PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION MEETS TODAY

The Carmel Parent-Teacher Association will hold its regular meeting this afternoon in the Sunset School. Edward Gerhard Kuster, managing director of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, will talk on the subject, "Music in the Child's Life". Miss Newman will play for the children's singing. Mrs.. E. J. Fitzgerald, who plans to start a kindergarten in Carmel, will also talk to the members of the organization.

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926 at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 13.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1926
VOLUME II NUMBER 19

Notes and Comment

THE man who said: "It's easy to criticize" might have added that sometimes it's impossible not to.

Take the Carmel board of trustees, for instance, if not for a change. There are five men apparently made in the likeness and imagine of sensible and intelligent human beings and yet they do things that make one wonder whether there is any further connection than that likeness and image.

An official of the city, named by the trustees, and paid $200 a month long after his usefulness has terminated, beats his wife, admits it before a court and is permitted his freedom on the posting of a $500 bond that he will keep the peace. The court grants him his liberty but the trustees of Carmel do more than that; they continue him in a certain jurisdiction over the liberty of self-respecting citizens who do not beat their wives, or, as yet, haven't done so. For two weeks he is permitted to wear his star, arrest people for violations of the traffic ordinances and, from all reports, continue to beat his wife.

Last Thursday morning, still wearing his star and his revolver by grace of the city board of trustees, and still on the city payroll at $200 a month, he again assaults his wife to the extent that she runs screaming from her home and two blocks to the city government offices where she appeals tearfully and hysterically for protection.

Whereupon the city employe, probably fearful that the trustees would not even then consider his actions sufficient to remove him from his position and assure his safety from a most imminent tar and feather party, goes himself to the city hall and leaves his resignation. Then, arrested as he is quitting the community, he again pleads guilty, is fined $15 by an agreeable Pacific Grove justice of the peace, and decamps.

A "special meeting" of the board is held at five o'clock in the afternoon, presided over and, we suppose, sponsored by George Wood, in the absence of John Jordan. Very formally and with no comment the resignation of the traffic policeman is read, a motion is made that it be accepted, and the four members of the board vote in favor of so doing. Then, as the four trustees, three of whom seem so ridiculously dependent on the parliamentary knowledge, or lack of knowledge, of George Wood, are filing from the room they are met by Argyll Campbell, the city attorney, who demands to know what they have been doing. They tell him and he replies that they are a bit off their balance; that whatever they have done in this "special meeting" is of no account; that a special meeting must be properly and formally called. Wood nervously lights another cigarette and another meeting is held in the evening to do again what he led his brother trustees to believe had been properly done in the afternoon.

We referred two weeks ago to Wood and the extent of his knowledge as measured by his silly little note book. We think the note book quite too large for a proper comparison.

But, it seems, the traffic officer fiasco is not closed, although the traffic officer has done his best to close it. Three applications for the position were made to the board of trustees at the meeting last Thursday night. The board decided not to decide in the matter until the regular meeting on the evening of November 15.

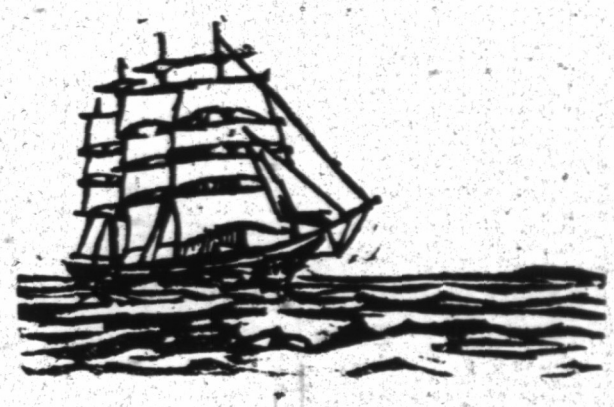
There should be a delegtation of citizens at the meeting to prevent an appointment of a traffic officer with a waste of $200 a month in salary. The Carmel Protective League, which George Wood organized to help him become a city trustee, and the existence of which he promptly forgot after the election, should send representatives to that meeting and ask the trustees, as one member of that body did ask Mr. Wood at a meeting of the board a week ago, what if anything, they are doing for Carmel—if they know.

We do not need a traffic officer in Carmel; we do not need any officer other than Marshal Gus Englund, and every sensible person in Carmel knows that. If the marshal hasn't been doing all that he could be expected to do within the past month it is because his time has been taken up with arresting the traffic officer.

The traffic officer situation was a disgrace to Carmel and a double disgrace to the city trustees who continued him in office with police authority after he had proven himself unable to keep the peace.

But if there is any benefit to be derived

(Turn to Page Ten)



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The Forge in The Oaks

John Catlin Carmel

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JUST NORTH OF POSTOFFICE TELEPHONE 48-W

ON SELECTING CHILD'S GIFTS

THIS mother has been putting down from time to time—in reality from two months ago when the small daughter began saying "How many days to Christmas?"—the things it occurred to her would be useful to the children. She kept two ideas in mind: first not too many things for each child, which might lead to extravagant demands—"They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing"; and second, that articles that will last through the year and afford occupation, are the most useful. To this principle the things for the stocking form an exception—the delightful little things that make the stockings such a joy in the early morning are usually, from their size, either eatable or mere trifles. But for the worth while presents it is wisdom to get things to do with.

In the case in point, there was a small boy whose fists seemed in great need of legitimate exercise. "Why not a punching bag!" a friend suggested. Perhaps sister might get some relief from his pugilistic impulses. So a punching bag is going down on the list.

An aquarium would be a great step toward understanding our humble but interesting fellow creatures. Of live things, mother must consider the pros and cons of a canary bird for the girl, or a dog for the boy. Of course, nothing gives so much lasting joy and is such a help to character development as a live pet to care for.

In the present instance, the dolls for a puppet show seemed to offer material for hours of educational play. When the children are of the right age for them, the various guessing card games of birds, stars, authors, etc. are fine to pass rainy afternoons and evenings with. And there are tools for the boy, and perhaps also for the girl. For the small boy in question, who seemed to care little for coloring and drawing on paper, one or two wood carving tools and the hammer that goes with them is planned. He has already indicated by his work in cutting pictures on a rough piece of wood with the screw-driver and hammer, that this kind of work would be an artistic outlet for him.

A typewriter or a kodak come under the class of things to do with and are wonderful presents.

For little children a set of colored pencils—not crayons but really beautiful art pencils—are very worth while, if the children are taught by someone to take care of them and use them well. So much better work can be done with them than with the blunt crayons in outlining and coloring, which will lead in the direction of writing and art. Those mothers are fortunate who have or can procure certain parts of the Montessori apparatus; for instance, the iron drawing frames, the cylinders, the color spools, for their little children. But all the Montessori work must be supervised, especially at first, if it is to be worth while, and the many little parts of the sets kept from being lost or misused.

Stuffed animals have become part of the child's heritage, to their great profit and joy. They are inexpensive, but they are worth while as playmates. It takes a little time for children to become really acquainted with them. But there comes a day when "Teddy" or "Donkey" or "Kittie" is really adopted into the family, and then the older, more dilapidated and dirtier they become, the more they are loved, and their possibilities for play are endless.

Books, of course, should come in every Christmas list. Such sets as "My Bookhouse" and others, are wonderful for joy, education and character building.

And there are the little personal wants to be considered in making a glorious Christmas for the children.

Some things to be avoided are easily-broken, poorly-made toys, that disappoint and also lead to destructiveness; since what is the use of taking care of a thing if the maker himself evidently expected it to come to pieces when you were just beginning to have fun with it! And also unduly expensive toys which do all the work themselves, and leave no room for doing, oneself, or imagining.

I should like to speak a word about blocks. Get big ones—like the fine Hennessy blocks, that come brick, cube and cylinder shape, and give the child a chance to build something big. They are expensive to begin with but in reality are economical, because the child will construct with them from the time he is three to eight years old; and mother will have corresponding hours of peaceful enjoyment seeing the children happily working out their ideas. —N. P. C.

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BEAR US AT THE MOLDY CHOW

YOU'VE been watching us, haven't you, and at last we have opened. There is one thing we have endeavored to do and that is to get away from everything characteristic of Carmel and establish a distinctly European atmosphere. You know what I mean by European atmosphere. You see Paris has an atmosphere all its own. In fact, the different sections of Paris offer a variety of atmospheres or am I wall eyed? Then there is Brest with her atmosphere and Marseilles, Havre and the Riviera with theirs. Then we hop up to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales with their atmospheres, Germany, Italy, the Scandinavians with theirs and Russia or have I got stigmatism? Then there are numerous other European countries and we have put all of these atmospheres into this one place so that as the customers luncheon they can imagine themselves anywhere in Europe, from the Limehouse district to Petrograd or Venice, anywhere but Carmel—it's so unattractive here. In fact, one of the first persons that ate here was watching the awning intently, and he started to tilt and would have fallen if I hadn't run forward and caught him.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," said he,"I thought I was at an old Roman feast and I started to recline on a couch."

The first day a well-bred, refined appearing lady who was watching the wall picked up her steak in her fingers and started tearing into it with her teeth savagely. Her husband reprimanded her and when she regained consciousness she said, "Oh I thought I was in the land of the Cossacks."

Yesterday I was serving a man who was looking with mouth half opened at the menu. He had a hazy gaze in his eyes and he ordered champagne. I stood there a bit stumped as to how graciously to accept this flattering order and still not offend him by refusing his wants To my relief he finally realized his location and said. "Pardon me—please do not mistake me for a dry agent.—I saw 'petit four' on the menu and thought I was in Paris."

An embarrassing incident occurred one day when one of my waitresses came to me exceedingly indignant and informed me that she was going to leave right then and there.

"So soon?" I asked.

"A man out there got fresh and tried to hold my hand. When I withdrew it he reached out and grabbed my arm forcing me to sit in his lap and chucked me under the chin."

I went out to investigate and the girl pointed to a polished looking gentleman with goatee. His cane hung carelessly from the edge of the table. As I approached he rose and extended his hand. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "I take it you are the manager. I wish to apologise for any rudeness on my part toward your employee. I thought that I was in a certain Viennese dive. You understand, don't you? Ha ha!" There was no other way out. I had to understand.

One day a woman was gazing entranced at our European floor, then she arose from the table and started to do the oddest sort of antics. She lifted the corners of her skirts and whirled around, hopping, skipping, jumping. I thought maybe the soup had burned her mouth and I was about to run for aid when someone said that she was doing a Swedish folk dance. A friend of hers came in and looked on in astonishment and finally halted the performance. People objected to this because they thought that the dance was part of the entertainment and some had even thrown coins to her while others clapped hands to the rhythm of her movement. I didn't mind the coin part of it because I gathered them up when everyone had left. The lady sat down eventually and as she wiped her brow with her handkerchief she said, "I tank I bane home once more."

The second day after we opened I was startled by a heavy male voice roaring out an unfamiliar song in a foreign language. I came from the kitchen in time to see two women customers, indignant, put on their coats and leave in a hurry. I inquired and found that the man was singing an extremely ribald German song. I tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to refrain. He begged a thousand pardons and said that he saw pretzels on the menu and he imagined himself back in a beer garden on the Rhine.

A dark, slick-appearing gentleman came in and as I started to take his order his eye caught sight of a balcony and his breath came in short gasps. He rose as if walking in his sleep and started to pant. He walked beneath a balcony and began to sing and the only word I could recognize was Senorita. He tearfully cried out the words and made gestures with his hands, one outstretched upward and the other tenderly to his heart. A lady came out and leaned over the balcony to see what was going on. She manages a Beauty Parlor up there. I know her and waved to her. She waved back and the singer thought that she was waving at him. He finished the song and leaped up a flight of stairs leading to a door near the balcony. He caved it in with a violent push and I heard ladies screaming so I went for Gus not knowing where it would end but in a moment my customer came out emphatically. The door slammed and I heard a bolt click. Luckily the guests mistook it for entertainment and applauded so I couldn't send him out.

I think that, in so far as the European atmosphere is so distinct, the real estators should advertise all over America with a slogan like this."INSTEAD OF THAT EUROPEAN TRIP—WHY NOT CARMEL" Don't you think this would be a good idea or have I got club feet?

—B. B.

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HE WAS incredibly old, very hoary, and very dirty—one of those fakirs who wander about the Far East their sole possessions being an alms bowl and a single filthy garment.

Just now he was exibiting a very human gratitude, quite out of proportion to the service we had rendered him by fishing his disciple, a very young and equally dirty small boy, out of the creek.

"He wants to amuse us with a conjuring trick" interrupted Kennart as the old fakir burst out into a torrent of Hindustani, "By way of rewarding us I suppose! Shall I tell him to go ahead?"

We nodded. It was a curious setting for an entertainment. The three of us, the Major, Kennart and myself, had managed to obtain a week-end leave and were out snipe-shooting. Behind us stretched the flat plain surrounding the Great River broken up into rice paddy fields, divided at intervals by the deeper wider ditch of some laboriously dug irrigation trench. It was from one of these that Kennart had dragged the wretched child to the detriment of his and our clothing.

"All right!" I agreed, "But you'll have to tell me what it's all about—I don't know any Hindustani."

"That will not be necessary!"

I gaped with astonishment, for it was the old fakir who had spoken, and in faultless English.

"If you gentlemen will be seated!" he begged courteously.

Taking a small box from a fold in his ragged garment, he proceeded to fill his alms bowl from the creek and into this he emptied some of the contents of the box. As far as I could tell, it seemed to be a black powder like charcoal; anyway, it immediately turned the muddy water into a deep purple, the surface of which was clouded by a greyish fog like an over-developed photograph.

"If you gentlemen will ask to see anything in the past, present, or future, it shall be shown." said the fakir quietly.

We looked at each other expectantly.

"Go on, Major, you're the senior!" urged Kennart.

"Very well then—I'd like to see what my old father is doing now."

As we stared intently into the bowl, the grey mist seemed to curl into wreaths and dissolve, leaving a mirror-like surface in which was clearly visible the picture of an old, soldierly looking gentleman seated alone at dinner.

"Good Lord, that's my father, all right! But why is he dining at this time?" demanded the Major.

"It is seven hours difference in England," the old fakir reminded him gently.

"Wow! This is fun!" chuckled Kennart, "Movies while you wait—your turn, Wilky!"

I thought for a minute. "I'd like to see the happiest moment in my past!" I declared at length.

The grey mist desolved again, and although I could not have singled out any particular incident, the picture showed myself as a boy of thirteen sitting in a boat in mid-channel, hauling up cod-fish as fast as I could hook them.

"Were you thinking of that?" demanded the Major as the picture faded away.

"No!" I replied truthfully, "But it might well have been the happiest moment all right!"

"Good stunt this!" approved Kennart, "My turn now. We've had the past and the present—let's see if he can do the future. Show me where I'll be in four years time!"

The Fakir sat upright and his beady black eyes seemed to bore into Kennart's very soul.

"I can show you the future if you insist. But—" he waved his hands expressively, "It is not good for man to know—sometimes!"

"The old chap is right." admitted the Major, "We've seen enough I think."

Perhaps we had. You see, there was a war on, and shortly after that the Major, Kennart and myself left for the front.

The Major is alive today, and will bear me out that I have told the truth, but within four years Kennart was lying at peace beneath a wooden cross.

—ERIC WILKINSON

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PICTURES OF IDA MAYNARD CURTIS ON EXHIBITION

A number of interesting paintings by Ida Maynard Curtis are being exhibited on the walls at Kays. While lack of space limits the showing to just a few canvases which really give no comprehensive idea of the extent and range of the painter's abilities, still these few reveal the charm and force of a very definite personality. Her broken color technique recreates the brilliance and play of sunlight in a most satisfying manner. The exhibit comprises both local and foreign subjects.

MISS MORA TO JOIN MASTER CLASS OF E. ROBERT SCHMITZ

Miss Patty Mora has been invited by E. Robert Schmitz, the famous French pianist who was recently heard in concert here, to join his master class of musicians. Schmitz was impressed by Miss Mora's playing when he visited at the home of her father, Jo Mora, the sculptor. during his recent appearance in Carmel. Schmitz declared that he considered the girl a mature pianist despite her youth.

Schmitz may spend a part of next fall in Carmel.

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CARMEL

Exhibit of M. DeNeale Morgan's Paintings To Be Feature of Hotel Opening

OLD ABREGO ADOBE by M. De Neale Morgan.

"OLD CYPRESS" by DeNeale Morgan

AS A FEATURE of the formal opening of the new Hotel Leamington in Oakland a display of the paintings of M. DeNeale Morgan of Carmel will be made on the mezzanine floor. The exhibit will be maintained at the hotel from November 17 to December 15.

Miss DeMorgan's art has found expression in the portrayal of some of the most beautiful natural spots on the Monterey Peninsula and she has also put into the permanency of a canvas many of the quaint landmarks of the first capital of California. Her paintings are cherished in many homes and private and public galleries throughout the country.

Mrs. Robert Payne is going to Arizona for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapel Judson and Miss Helen Judson have returned to Carmel after a week's visit in Berkeley.

Notes and Comment

(Continued from Page Five)

from the disgrace it is that it has brought to a head the matter of wasting $200 a month on a traffic policeman in Carmel. The Cymbal urges the people to protest against a continuance of it.

* * *

ALL of which reminds us that not very long ago a resident of this town, quite personally known to us, was fined $20 for backing an automobile sixty feet in front of the postoffice. A few weeks later the man who arrested him is fined $15 for beating his wife. The lady with the scales is not only blind; she has dandruff and fallen arches.

* * *

AS YEAR by year goes by and election after election rolls around, it becomes more and more apparent that if the biggest part of California wants to run the state it will have to become the whole state and that foreign tail of it South of the Tehachipi Pass must be shuffled off to its own resources. Time and time again the situation which is a divided condition between bitter rivalry between San Francisco and Los Angeles and a prevalence of non-Westerners or non-Californians in Southern California, has defeated what the real California actually wants of a political or social nature. The election a week ago Tuesday demonstrated this forcefully. The biggest part of California—the real California—was in favor, rather erroneously, we feel, of repealing the Wright prohibition enforcement act and for that repeal carried a majority vote down on the Tehachipi. But below that point the vote was overwhelmingly against the repeal and it was lost. The greater and finer part of California wanted overwhelmingly to put another cent on the gasoline tax for the benefit of better roads in the state, but because of the opposition of the finer part of the state to the Los Angeles provincial scheme for road building, the Southern part of the state retaliated with an overpowering majority against the gasoline tax amendment.

The situation has become acute and it will never reach the point of honest voting until the two completely antagonistic parts of the state are divided and are permitted to go their separate ways. In the strict political part contests the antagonism of the south ca not overcome the insane party adherenc which is so prevalent in the Republica organization and although it hurts the os Angeleno to vote for a San Francis bay resident for anything, he is given th reluctant endorsement of the southern rt of the state in preference to a Democ t who might happen to be a resident of os Angeles itself. To this state of affai C. C. Young and Sam Shortridge have to credit the majorities they received in the recent election.

But when what San Francisco and the northern part of the state want is not a party matter then Los Angeles leaps hard upon it and, as in the case of the gasoline tax, the whole state suffers.

It would be a gorgeous thing if we could consign that city "of the angels" to the angels and conduct our government as we would like to conduct it.

* * *

THE VOTE in Carmel of John B. Elliott, candidate of the Democratic and prohibition parties for United States Senator from California, contains a deal of humor. We doubt if in any one single community in the state other than Carmel Elliott finished election day with a majority over Sam Shortridge. That he accomplished this here is a great and amusing tribute to Frank Sheridan, the actor, who makes his home among us. Sheridan, armed with a pamphlet written in Elliott's favor by Sam Blythe, who also happens to belong to our community, was able to collect 202 votes for Elliott as against 198 for Shortridge. Elliott, a bone dry and with no chance of election, through the active efforts of Sheridan, brought out a vote of 400 for the office of senator as against a total of 377 cast on the Wright appeal amendment and of that total he captured 202. It makes it look darned bad for the Republican war horses who are supposed to keep this community in line for the G. O. P. and is considerable of a compliment for the campaigning abilities of Frank Sheridan.

Another jolt for would-be politicians in Carmel is the high vote of Carl Abbott for sheriff. Although he did not quite reach Sheriff Oyer's total in the three Carmel precincts he did get enough votes here to help him along considerably in his defeat of Oyer throughout the county. Oyer's defeat, however, was a piece of crass ingratitude on the part of the people of this county for services well rendered by a public official; a devotion to duty that led into the path of a machine gun at Moss Landing.

* * *

IN HIS weekly newspaper syndicate article, which appeared in last Sunday's Chronicle, H. L. Mencken, who edits what is unquestionably the best monthly magazine in America today, aims his characteristic vituperations against the Christian Sunday Schools of the land, but exclusively, so he frankly declares, against Protestant Sunday Schools.

As you read this article you find that, according to Mencken, all the political and social ills of the present and those which are to pile up against us in the future, are accreditable to the Protestant Sunday Schools. He starts off with a broadside against "patriotism" and the teaching of it and then, with a transition that doesn't strike you as quite smooth enough for what you have learned to expect form the redoubtable editor of the American Mercury, he wheels the guns against the Sunday Schools as the teachers and propagandists of patriotism.

It is all quite silly and exaggerated and

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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OUR EXPERT MACHINISTS OVERHAUL AND REPAIR ALL MAKES OF CARS

SHE—SHANTIES

(From Punch)

It's Saturday night, and I'm feeling all reckless;
I'll stand you a cider, I'll buy you a necklace;
We'll go to the pictures and settle down snugly;
You be my Mary and I'll be your Dougly.

I feel so bright
On a Saturday night,
I want to jump over the moon;
I want to change hats
With a lady, and that's
A sign there'll be trouble quite soon.
Douggie, my boy!
Mary, ahoy!
Come to the pictures and register Joy,
For it's jolly old Saturday,
Mad-as-a-hatter-day,
Nothing-much-matter-day-night!

It's Saturday night, I could fight the whole town—
Just say the word and I'll knock a man down.
Monday won't happen again until next week;
You be my soul-mate and I'll be your sheekh.

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
I'm a rash irresponsible spark;
Let's get a box
Of the two-shilling chocs
And gobble them up in the dark.
Soul-mate, hullo!
Sheikhy, what-ho!
Come to the picture and let yourself go,
For it's jolly old Saturday,
Mad-as-a-hatter-day,
Nothing-much-matter-day-night!

It's Saturday night and I like your new hat;
I'm ready to pop with emotion and that;
I'm fizzy and fiery and fruity and tense,
So let's have a cider and hang the expense!

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
I want to make Kensington hum;
I'm longing to thump
A piano or jump
Up and down on the top of a drum.
Harriet, hi!
Light of my eye!
Come to the picture and have a good cry,
For it's jolly old Saturday,
Mad-as-a-hatter-day,
Nothing-much-matter-day
night!

A. P. H.

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IT REACHES
THE BEST PEOPLE

A POET WHO WAS ANYTHING BUT GOOD

FRANCOIS VILLON, often called the father of French poetry, was born in 1431 in Paris. Much has been written about him and many translations of his poems have been made, but it was not until the recently-published volume of complete poems appeared, combined with two excellent biographies, that we had all the known facts about this student-poet whose escapades kept him constantly within the shadow of the gallows. John Payne says in his biographical introduction "The facts . . . such as they are, however, enable us for the first time to catch a glimpse of the strange mad life and dissolute yet attractive personality of the wild, reckless, unfortunate Parisian poet, whose splendid if erratic verse flames out like a meteor from the somewhat dim twilight of French fifteenth-century literature".

Villon, though a dyed-in-the-wool rascal, accused during his life-time of a variety of crime, had, it seems, a certain admirable morality. He blamed no one but himself for his escapades; he never whined about circumstance, nor did he seem to resent punishment. Even when condemned to the gallows he would break into verse, the bright gay humor of which accepted life in all its aspects and death as its rather ironical ending.

He was a poet of the city primarily. The country with its fields and flowers was to him of secondary importance. Human life as lived in the cafe, the street, the prison, found expression through a new and intense voice which broke down all the old standards of poetry, instilling new shapes and phrases into a language which at the time was becoming stagnant. So vigorously was this done and with such an inherent knowledge of the thing which is "poetry", that even today the beauty and vigor of his lines bear the stamp of modernity.

"Villon was the first great poet of the people", says John Payne. "His love of the life of common things, the easy familiarity of the streets and highways, his intimate knowledge and love of the home and outdoor life of the merchant, the banker, the artisan, the mountebank, . . . even the thief, the prostitute and the gipsy of his time, stand out in unequivocal characters from the lineaments of his work. The cry of the people rings out from his verse—that cry of mingled misery and humor, sadness and cheerfulness, which, running through Rabelais and Regnier, was to pass unheeded till it swelled into the judgment-thunder of the Revolution."

There is a whimsical note in the ballads of Francois Villon which makes him very acceptable to the twentieth century. Between his day and ours has yawned a gulf of great seriousness and earnestness concerning life and its problems—much groping realism, unrelieved by the saving touch of humor.

Love led him a merry dance, but his experiences left him without bitterness—it was all in the game and he chose to play it to the very end. One cannot help admiring the courage and the high hand with which he dealt with life as one admires the flashing verses in which he tells of it.

All that Villon wrote was drawn directly from his life and rings true. This is why his work has lasted while so much has been forgotten. He has touched the vital spark which connects creative work with life—and for this reason all questions of morality have been set aside. This is the distinguishing mark of his genius. Theophile Gautier said of him: "He might perhaps have lost the poet whilst gaining the honest man; and good poets are still rarer than honest folk, though the latter can scarce be said to be common."

—DORA C. HAGEMEYER

TODAY is a golden day
Warm and shining
I am a soft white cloud
Drifting between earth and heaven
Floated as on a quiet sea
Pushed gently by the winds
Lifted higher—then higher
Lost from sight

—Verse and Linoleum Cut by Anita Hestwood.

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(Continued From Page Ten)

reads as though he had written it standing up and between two bad cups of coffee in Baltimore, but it is no worse or more slipshod than his contributions to this newspaper syndicate have been for some time past.

But careless and slipshod as it is, it contributes one more piece of apparent evidence to the growing charge that Mr. Mencken's cloak of radicalism is getting a bit threadbare and beneath it one is permitted to catch a glimpse of Roman Catholic propaganda in a man to whom propaganda of any sort was believed to be anathema.

Mencken declares in this article that the Protestant Sunday Schols are creating anti-Christs among our children, haters of patriotism, loathers of Christianity, repudiators of Christian doctrine and that, if the Sunday Schools and the "vacation Bible schools are not put down promptly . . . the flag drills and patriotic pageants, kept up for a generation, will fill the land with growls and blushes every time the national ensign goes past".

He declares that "the percentage of convictions (in a criminal court) in America among professional criminals is not above 20 percent, but among Sunday School superintendents it is at least 95 percent". The inference is that these convictions are the result of juries made up of men who are reacting to their youthful training in Sunday Schools. It is inferred that this is their retaliation against their compulsory learning of the Scriptures. But it will be taken as a bit of statistics regarding the number of Protestant teachers of Christianity who fall afoul of the law.

Mencken has been a bitter assailant of Christian theology, but you will notice that it is always Protestant Christian theology at which he shoots. The Methodists and the Y. M. C. A. secretaries are his particular targets. We don't think much of them either, but it is going entirely too far when Protestantism must be made the sole butt of those who declare their fight is against Christian proselyting and its connection with the social scheme of things..

While Mencken is on the Roman Catholic "Index" of prohibited literature he must be considered secretly by the Catholic priesthood a great force in their work. His continued reference to criminals among the Protestant ministry is, of course, bolstered by the daily newspapers which chortle with the red ink of glee at a story in which a frocked Protestant is caught in the toils of the law.

But we would like to ask Mr. Mencken if he has ever worked as a reporter on a daily newspaper in America and, if he has, how many times has he had occasion to find that prosecution of Catholic priests ended with their apprehension and that even news of that was forbidden space in his paper?

While Mr. Mencken is correcting the ills of the land so belligerently we would like to ask him why it is that the news-

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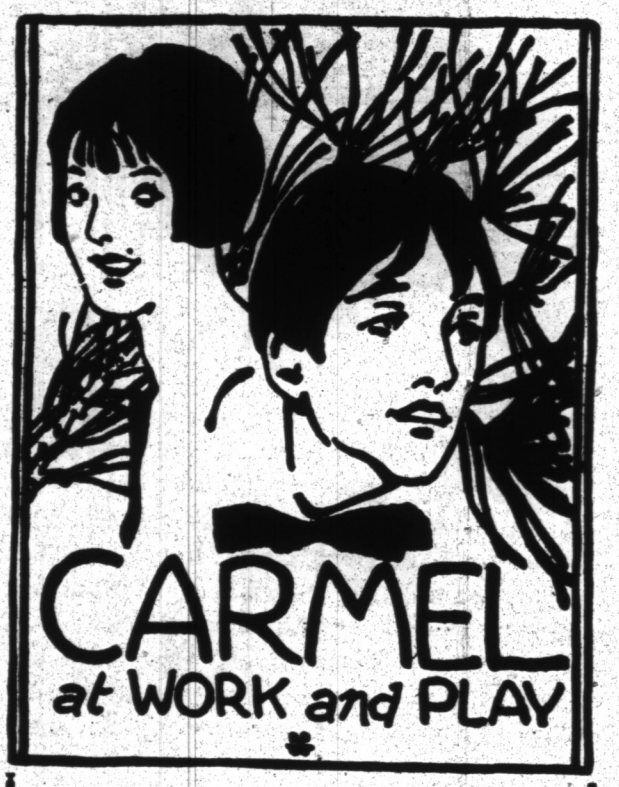

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A PLEASING SOUVENIR FULL OF INFORMATION

papers of America are hardly ever, we would be bold enough to say, are never without a running story of a Protestant minister in trouble with the law for some violation of the moral code and yet, with thousands upon thousands of Catholic priests in the country one never reads anything about them in similar circumstances. Does anyone believe that Catholic priests are impregnable to temptation and wiles of the flesh? It is absurd to think so. The reason why one reads nothing about their infractions of the law, no more and no less numerous than those of their Protestant brethren of the cloth, is that the organization of the Catholic church has the American daily newspaper bound and gagged. The Church commands and receives the unquestioned fealty of its parishioners and a word from the priest means immediate obedience. The Protestant church wields no such power. A demand from a Protestant pulpit would more than likely result in a recalcitrant action from the pews. "Stop the Chronicle" from a Congregational minister would probably mean an increased circulation next day; from a Catholic pulpit it would mean obedience and ruin.

The San Francisco Examiner suffered for more than ten years, at times in desperate danger of losing its supremacy in the San Francisco newspaper field, for an unintentional slight of the Roman Catholic church. Do you notice that it hesitates about printing this New Jersey case in which the name of a murdered Protestant minister is involved?

The San Francisco Chronicle is the last place in the world for an article by Henry L. Mencken. It is as far from forward-sightedness as it is possible for a newspaper to be and still retain a vestige of an intelligent circulation. But the Chronicle, a Roman Catholic newspaper, will accept all that Mencken writes in contradiction to its reactionary policies if he will continue his weekly screams against the Protestant church in America.

We have long admired H. L. Mencken; it might be said with impunity that we have long worshipped at his shrine, but it has been because of his apparent possession of independence and fairness that this persistent Protestant baiting is beginning to belie.

The Cymbal is not a propagandist for any theological organization. As a pure and theological organization As a pure, religion, based on a blind and all exhausting faith, it believes the Roman Catholic form is the most acceptable as it is the most illogical, but as a political organization the Roman Catholic church is a menace; thousands of times more of a menace than all the silly Bible schools and Sunday Schools on the face of the earth.

H. L. Mencken would do better by his disciples if he would cease his syndicated articles which are gleefully grabbed by Roman Catholics because of their bitterness against Protestantism and are printed by most newspapers only because his vituperations against Christian theology stop at the massive gates of the Cathedrals

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"THE GREEN HAT"

A GOOD part of Carmel and all the children in Monterey above ten saw Ruth Chatterton Monday night at the Golden State theater in "The Green Hat". Everybody seemed to enjoy himself except Miss Chatterton. She got mad during the third act and came out and told us so. We don't know whether it was the Monterey babies that annoyed her or some blase folk from Carmel, but we can sympathize with her perturbability in the matter; it was her play and she had a right to dignified attention.

As a play, "The Green Hat" is the bunk. I could write a better one myself. I have long since wearied of Michael Arlen and his monotonous cleverness, but I do remember that he was at least swift in his transportation. In this play the only thing they give us with any dispatch as a tribute to our intelligence is the very naughty part, just as though they thought, "Well, they'll surely get that without any further effort on our part. We can't go much farther without being arrested, even in the neighborhood of Carmel."

But the art of Ruth Chatterton was sufficient to suffice for the two dollars or two and a half and the trip over the hill even though, with one or two exceptions, her cast was impossible. There were some in close proximity to my seat who were a bi. disappointed in her gowns or the fact that the green hat was not a more vivid green and trimmed in lace or something, but the actress gradually overcame this feminine objection and gave us a fairly good example of her art, although it didn't strike me at any time that it was anything to stand up and shout about—something which, by the way, no one did, to the credit of Peninsula culture.

Refusing to overlook the opportunity to declare with emphasis that any woman who could fall in love with Napier Harpenden, as portrayed by Carl Miller, has a number of loose connections in her brain and heart organizations, I hasten to rush on to the assertion that William H. Turner came nearer than anyone else in Miss Chatterton's cast to appear as a finished actor in his role of the doctor. The only other woman in the show—Catherine Bennett—might have been good in a part that fitted her.

But we all trailed back over the Carmel hill about eleven o'clock and went to the postoffice for the evening's mail and decided that the Golden State theater is a pretty motion picture palace—all sparkly and filigree and everything. —W. K. B.

PERSONAL MENTION

MISS VIVIAN Higginbotham was in Claremont for two or three days visiting her friend, Miss Ruth Davenport.

Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto motored to Mount Diablo for the week-end. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eliot.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Gilman Jr. of New York and their son, friends of Mr. and Mrs. William Vander Roest, were visiting in Carmel for a day.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheridan are in San Francisco for a few days attending the new plays.

* * *

Frank O'Brien is in Carmel visiting Paul Flanders for a few days.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kelly of Berkeley were in the Kluegel cottage for two or three days.

* * *

Mrs. Marie Randolph and Mrs. George Stutzman have sailed for Honolulu where they will remain for two or three months.

* * *

Mrs. Jack Orcutt and Miss Marion Sturgis have returned from San Francisco where they were visiting for two or three days.

* * *

The Misses Ida and Blanche Fullagar of San Jose have come to Carmel for the winter. They are in their new home on the point.

* * *

Mrs. Knox Roberts who occupied the Nugent home last winter is now in Paris with her daughter who is in school there. They expect to return in the spring when they will start building their home in Pebble Beach.

* * *

Harry Allen, New York lawyer, came to Carmel for a few days and was so impressed with the country that he has decided to remain here permanently and will open a law office in the village.

* * *

Mrs. Parker Wilson entertained informally at a bridge and buffet supper Among the guests were Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Miss Kissam Johnson, and Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Davison.

* * *

Miss Caroline Davidson entertaincd informally at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mr. Charles Purdy and Mr. Stuart Walcott.

* * *

Mrs. Halsted Yates entertained at a bridge tea. Among the guests were the Mesdames Wesley Davison, Parker Wilson and Tad Stinson.

* * *

Thomas Chatterton, professional actor, from Los Angeles is coming to Carmel and expects to build here.

* * *

Mrs. William Vander Roest and Miss Constance Vander Roest motored to San Francisco last week.

* * * *

Mr. Wilbur Hattery of Portland and his mother Mrs. Wilbur Hattery are in Carmel visiting Mrs. Arthur Shand and Mrs. Hal Bragg.

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